NEW BOOKS.

Lord Leighton.

For an interesting and sympathetic, yet discriminating, biography of "Frederic, Lord Leighton," we are indebted to Mr. Ernest Rhys (London; George Bell & Sons). Whatever may now be thought by artists and art critics about the rank assignable to Leighton in contemporary pictorial art, there is no doubt that he achieved a memorable success in the eyes of the world at large, having received more and higher honors than have ever been awarded to a painter. The list of them is interminable. We need only recall that he was elected a Royal Academician in 1879 and became president of the Royal Academy in 1878; that he was an associate of the Institute of France and president of the International Jury of Painting at the Paris Exhibition of 1878; an honorary member of the Berlin, the Vienna and the Belgian academies; of the Academy of St. Luke in Rome and the academies of Florence, Turin, Genoa, Perugia and Antwerp. He was made a commander of the Legion of Honor and subsequently a commander of the Order of Leopold, a Knight of the Prussian Order "pour le mérite," and of the Coburg Order Dem Vordienste. For his Discourses on Art—like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he added precept to example—he was made a D. C L. of Oxford and Durham universities; an LL. D. of Cambridge and Edinburgh, a D. L. T. of Trinity College, Dublin, and an honorary Fellow at Trinity College, London. He was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1878; created a Baronet in 1878 and created Baron Leighton of Stretton in 1896. It is not surprising that his talent should have been appreciated on the Continent, for he strove from the outset to the end of his career to keep alive an Italian ideal of beauty in London, and, as regards technique, he owed much to French artists. Among the French painters with whom he consorted at Rome in the '50s were Bouguereau and Gérôme. To these, and especially to the former, who was a great believer in "scientific composition," Leighton has testified that he was largely indebted for his sense of form. From another famous Frenchman, Robert Fleury, whom he afterward met in Paris, he learned much in the way of coloring. M. de la Sizeranne, in a book on "Contemporary English Painting," published some eight years ago, characterizes Leighton as at once the representative of English painting on the Continent and the representative of Continental painting in England.

Apart from Leighton's distinctly native predilection for certain subjects, M. de la Sizeranne finds him very English in his treatment of draperies, a treatment which he traced to a study of the Greek drapery of the Elgin marbles. When taking for a text the picture "The Spirit of the Summit," the French critic says, in a passage which we translate: "Subjects that lift the mind toward the summits of life or history, so that one cannot recall a nose or a leg without bethinking oneself of some high Gospel lesson, or at least of some great social exigency, such are the subjects that M. Leighton has treated. He has treated them, moreover, in a style much more severe than Overbeck's, much more virile than Bouguereau's."

From the art critics of his own country Leighton by no means met with a speedy, enthusiastic or unanimous recognition; although Thackeray, returning to London from Rome in the early '50s, and meeting Millais, exclaimed: "Millais, my boy, I have met in Rome a versatile young dog called Leighton, who will one of these days run you hard for the presidentship." When the very picture, "Cimabue's Madonna," however, which in an early stage Thackeray had admired, was exhibited in the Academy in 1855 it was not very favorably criticised by Ruskin or by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The former thought the picture an important one, and opined that Leighton had greatness in him; but, he added, "there is no absolute proof of it in this picture; and if he does not in succeeding years paint far better, he will soon lose the power of painting so well." The impression made by the "Cimabue" on Rossetti was far from definite. "It was *very* uninteresting to me at first sight," he wrote; "but, on looking more at it, I think there is great richness of arrangement, a quality which, when *really* existing, ranks among the great qualities. But I am not quite sure yet either of this or of the faculty for color. * * * As for purely intellectual qualities, expression, intention, &c., there is little as yet of them. * * * There is something very French in his [Leighton's] work at present, which is the most disagreeable thing about it." Eight years later, however, W. M. Rossetti, referring to Leighton's pictures of that year, the "Girl Feeding Peacocks," and the "Girl With a Basket of Fruit," said that "they belonged to that class of art in which Mr. Leighton shines—the art of luxurious exquisiteness; beauty for beauty's sake; color, light, form, choice details, for their own sake, or for beauty." By 1875 Ruskin had become a convert, and claimed Leighton as "a kindred Goth;" and, in his lectures on the Art of England, speaking of Leighton's children, he said: "It is with extreme gratitude and unqualified admiration that I find Sir Frederic condescending from the majesties of Olympus to the worship of those unappalling powers which, Heaven be thanked, are as brightly Anglo-Saxon as Hellenic; and painting for us, with a soft charm peculiarly his own, the witchcraft and the wonderfulness of childhood." At the same time, Ruskin's criticism of the "Egyptian Slinger," exhibited in the same year, was adverse. He termed the picture a "study of man in his Oriental function of scarecrow (symmetrically antithetic to his British one of Game Preserver)." He acknowledged the artist's acutely observant and enthusiastic study of the organism of the human body, but confessed that he "felt no sympathy with the subjects that admit of its display." The author of this biography holds that the truth was succinctly expressed by another art critic, Mr. Comyns Carr, who said: "No painter of our time maintains a firmer or more constant adherence to those severe principles of design which have received the sanction of great examples in the past. Sir Frederic Leighton has never lowered the standard of his work in deference to any popular demand, and for this persistent devotion to his own highest ideals, he deserves well of all who share his faith in the power of beauty."

It is true, as our author says, that fashions in taste change rapidly, and that much of Leighton's exquisite finish finds disfavor to-day. But, while a certain amount of protest, envious or honest, has been raised against the artist upon whom official honors were lavished, not a word has been said against the man. No one has ever disputed his ideally perfect discharge of duties, public and private. His generosity and magnanimity were attested by the kindly help which he gave to young artists through commendation or commission, and by his broad and tolerant views of work conceived in direct opposition to all the principles that he himself valued. That Leighton, who controlled the destinies of the Royal Academy so long, was loyal to its true interests, and never forget the institution, is evident from his last words: "Give my love to all at the Academy." M. W. H.

Life and Love in Virginia.

We have a Virginian's story in "The Redfields Succession," by Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown (Harper & Bros.). Gen. Gault meant to leave the handsome Redfields property to Mrs. Taylor, his stepson's widow, but before he had signed the will whereby this would have been accomplished he was killed in a railroad accident and Redfields went to his nephew, a newspaper reporter in New York, whom he hardly knew.

Trueman Gault, the reporter, lived in a hall bedroom at the time when his good fortune befell him. He was a large man and fitted his room too snugly for perfect comfort. Counting his pecuniary resources in the second chapter, he found that they amounted to $33.65; he felt himself constrained, accordingly, to entertain no more than a rather tenuous hope of ever being able to marry the beautiful young heiress, Virginia Sanford. He determined, indeed, in the second chapter, that it was his duty to forget her; but he went riding in the Park and there met Virginia, who was herself learning to ride. "This is only my third ride on the road," she said to Trueman. "Am I not doing grandly?" "Bully!" replied the young man, with much enthusiasm. She was very cordial and provocative, and thus was renewed his desire, stronger than reason, to possess this gifted and accomplished girl.

A few days later he went to Virginia, and there, at the hospitable house of Mr. Hugh Carrington, where, owing to a freshet in the stream called Little Bird Branch, he had sought and found accommodation for the night, was so unfortunate as to burn a hole in his trousers. The painful incident is recorded on page 45. We read:

"The room into which he had been brought was so large that an old-fashioned square piano in one corner was almost lost in it. A fire was roaring in the fireplace, and fresh logs were continually being added with the greatest prodigality. Yet, in spite of this, the big room, away from the fire, seemed cold to Trueman, accustomed to the even temperature of furnace and steam heated houses. He stood in front of the fire, warming himself, and presently smelled the odor of burning cloth.

"'I expect you're standing too near the fire,' Carrington said politely. Trueman jumped away and found that it was, indeed, his trousers that had been burning. One leg had a hole scorched through, just above the ankle.

"'Oh, Mr. Gault, how too bad!' Mrs. Carrington laughed, 'Coming down South and burning to death.'

"Trueman laughed, too, with the comforting feeling [he was now owner of Redfields] that one pair of trousers more or less was a matter of small moment to him. 'These will do for farming, even if they have a hole or two,' he said."

The story pictures many other interesting scenes of Virginia life, a fox hunt among them. Two love stories are developed, and there is plenty of character exposition. It can hardly be said that Virginia Sanford behaved herself quite properly in the South. She flirted with young St. Clair, whose duty and destiny it was to marry Mrs. Taylor, the fair widow who would have inherited Redfields if only old Gen. Gault had signed his will. It was Virginia's flirting with St. Clair that filled the heart of Trueman Gault with bitter hatred of that graceful young man. He was as graceful and as good looking as that celebrated beauty, his sister, the Countess of Chiswick. Said the jealous Trueman to St. Clair on one high-pressure occasion:

"You take any amount of trouble in your love-making; you're an artist. If a moral tone is required you assume that as well as any other. Of course, you know that her money is all right. It may be troublesome for you to keep up the part until it is safely yours, but no doubt it is worth it."

This in Virginia to a Virginian! But St. Clair, who had lately reformed his habit of whiskey and drank nothing, remained calm. We read: "St. Clair laid down the guitar [he was always playing "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms"] and arose to his feet, in feature and dress composed and u ruffled. For the moment Gault hated him from his soul—hated the distinction of his presence, the unconscious grace of carriage, the clear-cut features. Gault had never seen the sister, the present Countess of Chiswick, but he knew that she was a great beauty and that St. Clair was like her."

Just then the venerable negro, Uncle Billy, put his head in at the door, whereupon "Gault, unstrung by his anger, slammed the glass he held in his hand at the yellow eyeballs and kinky hair, with a fierce command to get out. Billy ducked, and the door shut with a crash."

Gault went on with his provocative and mad remarks. "You know the game so well," he sneered. "An honest man, awkward because of his love, would stand no chance against a professional charmer like you. What girl can resist the brother of the Countess of Chiswick?"

"Stop!" cried St. Clair. "Stop, or we shall be killing each other. For heaven's sake let me go while I can!" With that "he jerked a revolver out of his pocket and flung it out of the window. Gault himself shuddered as he realized how close they had been to flying at each other's throats. He walked over to the window and looked out." The trouble was over. His and St. Clair's throats were no longer in jeopardy. But it was only by a miracle that the whole collection of their threats had escaped.

St. Clair was ready enough for a ruction before he had stopped drinking. On page 113 we read: "St. Clair and Gault again withdrew to the refreshing seclusion of the saloon. Both were by this time sufficiently affected by what they had taken to be treading on air, although they could yet safely have trodden a chalk line. In the room was a new comer, a husky tramp, whose speech as he inquired the 'w'y' toward the west betrayed his nationality. Looking upon all men as his friends just then, St. Clair raised his glass to the stranger. 'The Queen!' he proposed.

"The Englishman set down his glass. 'None o' that for me', he said, with one of the oaths of the low-bred.

"St. Clair walked up to him, a steely glitter in his eyes, his urbanity changed to quick anger. 'See here, Mister Man, she's no Queen of mine, but she's a lady, and you'll either drink to her or you'll fight.'

"'I'll fight,' the man responded, his bloodshot eyes resting contemptuously on St. Clair's dandified figure.

"They went to a near-by barn, followed by a number of men. A lantern, brought by the saloonkeeper, gave a dim light. St. Clair stripped to his underclothes to save his suit. It was not a fight by rounds, nor would it have been of more than one in any case. The Englishman had forty pounds the advantage in weight, but St. Clair hit him three times for every blow he received, and hit harder. A badly whipped Englishman choked down a drink to the Queen a few minutes later." By which it is made plain that the brother of the Countess of Chiswick was something more than merely graceful and handsome.

The sneers of Virginia so worked upon Trueman that he procured a forged signature to Gen. Gault's will and made over the whole property to Mrs. Taylor. Having done that he returned to New York and acquired a fortune for himself in some manner that is not specified. Thereafter, meeting Virginia in an elevated railroad car, he learned that she was not yet married and so married her. This was his crowning reward, and we are willing to believe that it was adequate and great.

Tales Told at an Inn.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis's book, "The Black Lion Inn" (R. H. Russell) is a collection of tales. They purport to be told by an assorted company snowbound at the inn in question. The Jolly Doctor, the Red-Nosed Gentleman, the Sour Gentleman, the Old Cattleman and others spin their yarns while the great fire roars and the mellow drink is poured. The historian records that nobody seemed grieved by reason of the detention. "The Jolly Doctor joined the Red-Nosed Gentleman in his burgundy, while the Sour Gentleman and the Old Cattleman qualified for the occasion with a copious account of whiskey, which the aged man of cows called 'nose paint.'"

The historian himself did not drink. His own tale is told by way of introduction. Some time before the snow-binding storm he had come to the inn a drunkard, quite hopelessly abandoned to his vice, and had been cured by the Jolly Doctor with the fluid extract of red cinchona—a teaspoonful every three hours. He tells us: "I took the prescription for a trio of days. At the expiration I sate me solemnly down and debated within myself whether or no I craved strong drink, with the full purpose of calling for it if I did. Absolutely, the desire was absent; and since I had resolved not to force the bottle upon myself, but to give the Jolly Doctor and his drug all proper show to gain a victory, I made no alcohol demands. All this was years ago, and from that hour until now, when I write these lines, I've neither taken nor wanted alcohol. I've gone freely where it was, and abode for hours at tables when others poured and tossed it off; for myself I've craved none and taken none."

Others of the company made frank confessions. The Sour Gentleman, before he embarked upon his first anecdote, observed that he felt some natural hesitation in telling stories of himself—which were the only sort of stories that his poverty of imagination would allow him to tell—since they were little calculated to grace or lift him in the esteem of his hearers. He was encouraged when the Red Nosed Gentleman remarked that he himself was a reformed gambler, and that he could not believe that his own stories were calculated to set him before the company in a flattering light. "Then there will be two black sheep, at all events," said the Sour Gentleman, cheerfully. He was further heartened by a remark of the Old Cattleman, who said: "If it'll add to the gen'ral encouragement, I'll say right yere that in Arizona I was allowed to be some heinous myself. If this is to be a competition in iniquity, I aims to cut in on the play."

The nature of some of these histories was not misstated by the narrators. The Sour Gentleman, as appears from one of them, was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and at the close of the war—"those five red years of war," he says, not quite accurately—came to New York and engaged in an enterprise in tobacco. He was rapidly becoming a millionaire, and was living handsomely at the rate of $30,000 a year, when an observant revenue official, who had remarked the very attractive profits of the business, offered to go into partnership with him. Because this offier was made in a devious and veiled manner the Sour Gentleman failed to perceive the importance of it. He did not know, until too late, that it was made by an officer of the revenue. He declined it without suspicion, fearlessly and with acrimony.

The reversal of his fortunes in the matter of tobacco was sudden and overwhelming. Everything had been so certain and so splendid. "It was a bright October afternoon. My cometlike career had subsisted for something like a year and a half; and I, the comet, was growing in size and brilliancy as time fled by. * * * My offices—five rooms, fitted and furnished to the last limit of rosewood and Russia leather magnificence—were downtown. On this particular autumn afternoon, as I went forth to my brougham for a roll to my apartments, the accountant placed in my hands a statement which I'd asked for and which with particular exactitude set forth my business standing. I remember it exceeding well. As I trundled uptown that golden afternoon I glanced at those additions and subtractions which told my opulent story. * * * As I read the totals and reviewed the items I would not have paid a penny of premium to insure my future. There it was in black and white. I knew what I had done; I knew what I could do. I was master of the tobacco situation for the next three years to come. By that time I would count my personal fortune at a shadow over three millions. There was nothing surer beneath the sun. At 26 I would retire from trade and its troubles; life would lie at my toe like a kickball, and I would own both the wealth and the supple youth to pursue it into every corner of pleasurable experience."

Like Byron, he would work the rich mine of his youth to the last vein of its ore. And then came the offer of the revenue official, which was ignorantly and fatally declined. If only he had known! The knowledge would have been worth a million and a half. "But why spin out the hideous story?" says the Sour Gentleman, with some natural display of feeling. "I gave up my rich apartments, sold my horses, looked no more for a female Vere de Vere with intent her to espouse, and took to smuggling."

The Sour Gentleman told a number of stories about smuggling, and the Red-Nosed Gentleman had divers vivid memories of gambling and cheating at cards A story told by the Jolly Doctor will please those who like to read of high pugilistic powers virtuously directed. Mike Menares, who lived in Pitt street with his little half brother and little half sister, was the son of a Spanish Jew father and an Irish mother. He was an Apollo for beauty, 18 years old, and weighed 185 pounds. By day he drove a grocery wagon, and by night he was assistant to Prof. O'Punch, boxing master, who had a place in Fifty-ninth street. At the end of three years spent in the Professor's service, he was a most efficient pugilist. Powerful pupils of the professor registered 400-pound blows on the punching machine; one evening they persuaded Mike to strike it and it jumped up to 891 pounds.

Another night, as he neared his home in Pitt street, he was attacked by three footpads. One struck at him with a sandbag. Mike dodged and struck with his left. The story says "Bone and teeth are broken with the shock of it; blood spurts, and the footpad comes senseless to the pave. His ally, one of the other two, grasps at Mike's throat. His clutch slips on the stern muscles of the athlete's neck as if the neck were a column of brass. Mike seizes his assailant's arm with his right hand; there is a twist and a shriek; the second robber rolls about with a dislocated forearm. The third, unharmed, flies screeching with the fear of death upon him." The policeman who comes up remarks: "Irish crossed on Jew! It's the best prize ring strain in the world!"

No wonder, we should say, that Mike undertook with some confidence to stand up for four rounds against the Dublin Terror, "a rugged, powerful ruffian, with lumpy shoulders, thick short neck, and a shock gorilla head," on exhibition in a Bowery theatre. The management offered $200 to anybody who would so stand up, and it was the money that Mike was after; he had lost his job at driving the grocery wagon, and he needed money for household expenses and to buy Christmas presents for his little half brother, who was a most amiable child and a cripple. The event of the story was so plain to us from the beginning that we feel it to be no betrayal of the author's rights of secrecy to say that in the very first round the Terror got it on the jaw and "went down like an oak that is felled."

Mr. Remington supplies a head of the Dublin Terror among other portrait illustrations. It looks like Gen. Chaffee, and we never saw a gorilla's head that was anything like it.

Various Verses.

First in a list of slim volumes of verse we find Miss Willa Sibert Cather's "April Twilights" (Richard A. Badger). Pleasant little poems these, with something of the vigor and the charm of youth and an under note of quiet sadness, as in these stanzas:

Streams of the spring a-singing,
Winds o' the May that blow,
Birds from the Southland winging,
Buds in the grasses below.
Clouds that speed hurrying over,
And the climbing rose by the wall,
Singing of bees in the clover,
And the dead, under all!

Lads and their sweethearts lying
In the cleft o' the windy hill;
Hearts that are hushed of their sighing,
Lips that are tender and still.
Stars in the purple gloaming,
Flowers that suffuse and fall,
Twitter of bird-mates homing,
And the dead, under all!

Herdsman abroad with his collie,
Girls on their way to the fair,
Hot lads a-chasing their folly,
Parsons a-praying their prayer.
Children their kites a-flying,
Grandsires that nod by the wall,
Mothers soft lullabies sighing,
And the dead, under all!

Next we have Mr. Henry Lewis Mencken's "Ventures Into Verse" (Marshall, Beek & Gordon), which are described upon the title-page as various Ballads, Ballades, Rondeaux, Triolets, Songs, Quatrains, Odes and Roundels. All rescued from the Potter's Field of Old Files and here given Decent Burial. In a Preliminary Rebuke the reader is thus requested not to shoot the pianist as he's doing his best:

Gesundheit! Knockers! have your fling!
Unto an Anvilfest you're bid:
It took a Lot of Hammering
To build Old Cheops's Pyramid!

The first poem is dedicated to Mr. Kipling, who is apostrophized:

Prophet of brawn and bravery!
Bard of the fighting man!

And many of these verses about "The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson," "The Orf'cer Boy" and "The Filipino Maiden" might have been written by the author of the "Barrack Room Ballads." There is a note of cheerfulness in this frankly unpretentious little volume. Here is a "Rondeau of Riches":

If I were rich and had a store
Of gold doubloons and louis d'or—
A treasure for a pirate crew—
Then I would spend it all for you—
My heart's delight and conqueror!
About your feet upon the floor,
Ten thousand rubies I would pour—
Regardless of expense, I'd woo
If I were rich.

But as I'm not, I can but soar
'Mid Fancy's heights and ponder o'er
The things that I would like to do;
And as I pass them in review
It strikes me that you'd love me more
If I were rich.

A world of philosophy is compressed into a small space in the poem, "When the Pipe Goes Out":

A maiden's heart,
And sighs profuse;
A father's foot,
And—what's the use?

"A Field of Folk" (Richard G. Badger) is the title of Miss Isabella Howe Fiske's volume. In the final verse she thus proclaims herself "a guest of Omar."

All things of men and nature Omar felt,
Yet sang a mocking song the while he knelt;
A master of his craft, he wrought his tents,
And I awhile in one of them have dwelt.

Mr. H. Arthur Powell calls his verses "Young Ivy on Old Walls" (Richard G. Badger). As well as anything in the volume we like these verses to "The Athlete's Arm:"

Some sing of the play of a woman's face,
And the features' nameless charm;
But more to me the leonine grace
Of an athlete's naked arm.

As it rests on the rim of a light canoe
Or swells with the swinging oar,
There's not a swan on the water's blue
But holds its proud head lower.

Where the shot is put and the hammer hurled,
Or the vaulting pole is seen,
The arm, the arm is king o' the world,
And king of its fairest Queen!

The symbol of power and the tool of will,
With a beauty all its own:
Since ancient Grecian days, with skill
Has it been extolled in stone.

The first to answer its country's call,
The bravest in the fight;
The first to scale the hostile wall,
The last to sleep at night.

Then, whether on land, will conquering weight,
Or spurning the brine and barm,
Here's health—and the hope of a worthy mate!—
To the athlete's naked arm!

Last on the list we have a work of extreme seriousness entitled "The Mothers" (Richard G. Badger), by Mr. Edward F. Hayward. This poem celebrates the making of a curious award. An elderly philanthropist has bequeathed a sum of money, of which a part of the income is to be awarded, once in every three years, to the best mother in the town. A committee of five men and five women are to be the judges. The first scene is in an open square in the town of Osmotherly. It is the day of the festival and the awarding of the prize. Two travellers discuss the fact that there is no business doing in the city and a passing citizen explains the reason:

The occasion's yours. In yonder hall exhibited
A hundred children, more or less, will be;
While the best mother by a bench award
With rich prize will be honored.

There is a rare list of entries as the citzen enumerates them:

Fine women, women fair to look upon,
Arts, graces, and adornments counted in,
You can find many. Shining at the rout,
At balls bewildering, pacing Fashion's pave.
Men widen eyes to see them, everywhere
Adorable. But matrons, oh, how many?
Some mothers, without heart, unwilling; some,
Believing, say, a lecturer's spoiled in them.

The judges in the end successfully accomplish their delicate task, and strange to say, the bench award gives everybody satisfaction.

The Price of Freedom.

Queer things happen in Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's story "The Price of Freedom, or In the Grip of Hate" (New Amsterdam Book Company). The very attitude and facial expression of Colonel Rocca, company promoter, shady financier and all round scamp of London, as he faces the beautiful Mercy Hawthorne and her lover in the frontispiece warn us to be surprised at nothing he may do. A most unpleasant Colonel this, as the artist shows him to us Rather bald, heavy-featured and of a forbidding expression, the very way in which he tugs at his mustache proclaims him. In Chapter Four we see him at his breakfast in his chamber in the Adelphi, of which the furniture is massive and had once been handsome, but now shows signs of wear and tear. The Colonel is opening his letters. There are bills, unpleasant business communications from the city where things are not going well. And several notes, too, of a private nature, scented and addressed in the handwriting of women of apparently limited education. Having read his own letters he proceeds to read those of his son. The reader will probably like the son as little as the father. He, too, is heavy featured and sullen looking, with stealthy eyes and the swarthy color that proclaims the crowning folly of his father's youth—for the Colonel, it seems, married a native woman while in India. The son caught the Colonel in the act of reading one of his letters.

"I hope you find my correspondence interesting," he said in Spanish.

"I do, or I shouldn't read it. But I wish to heaven you'd speak in English. Fifty thousand times I've told you, Juan, not to perpetuate your mother's abominable language in your own still more abominable patois."

The Colonel is in low water financially, and he proposes that he and his son shall respectively marry a rich widow and her beautiful daughter.

"Here's a girl pretty enough for any one and rich enough to more than satisfy most men. And if you refuse to make your fortune this way you'll certainly never make it in any other."

"I don't want to marry."

"It's better than starving, at any rate. At the worst it means no more than having one extra club, exceedingly well-appointed and maintained for one's sole use, with the single defect that the head servant is a woman instead of a man, and holds her situation permanently. Besides, I'm at the end of my tether. Everything in the city seems to have gone to the dogs—those dogs whose diet is financial credit and respectability—and I'm as nearly broken as can be."

"Well, your'e going to marry the mother, you say?"

"Yes, but not to feed a young cub that won't go hunting on his own account. Besides, there's a dramatic fitness about this double marriage which appeals to my sense of what is apt in life." He said this with an expression of mingled cynicism and seriousness which made the son glance at him questioningly. "I'm like the heavy father in the melodrama. I've set my heart on this marriage for my dear boy, and when I do that I'm an awkward beast to thwart."

It is a matter for nobody's regret that the Colonel in due course reaches his proper place in one of His Majesty's prisons. As for his objectionable son, he perishes miserably through prompt action of a young Indian maiden to whom he offered gross provocation. She loosed a deadly pet snake at him and he died in considerable agony.

Two Girls and a Farmer.

"A Puritan Witch" (The Smart Set Publishing Company) is a story of early New England life by Mr. Marvin Dana. Serious times those, especially for the young folks; when most forms of innocent amusement were frowned upon as inventions of the Evil One. Much too serious were they for the taste of Mistress Anna Parton, who is thus described in the first chapter: "She was tall and fair, with a face that was by nature proud in its lines, though to those who knew her it seemed only rebellious. In her eyes there were depths of passion. The mouth was of medium size and traced by two crimson borders which were the admiration of every unregenerate young man in Greensboro'. The delicate waterline of the nose, the level, narrow brow, the oval curve of her face, the masses of her golden hair, the slender grace of her form, these made a whole that was indeed good to look upon, and Miss Anna Parton was known throughout the country as one of its belles. At every corn-husking and quilting bee, at maple-sugarings and donations, there were always levelled on her the masked batteries of eyes from the solemn faces of the young men. Yet these decorous lads dared look only by stealth, for fear of rebuke from their elders, and they had little chance to come upon her privately, so closely did her uncle regulate her goings-out and comings-in."

We are not altogether sure of the meaning of the water line of Anna's nose, but here surely was a highly pleasing maid, and it is not to be wondered at that she presently created disturbance in the hitherto untroubled bosom of young John Wickers, her neighbor and a handsome farmer, who had no vices and had been guilty of no levity greater than an occasional walk abroad on the Lord's day, solely for the pleasure of it. John Wickers was in luck. Not only did the fair mistress Anna give him sundry kisses one summer night, but he was also beloved of the beautiful Mistress Mary Leonard. Mary was neither short nor tall, but her figure, we are told, was perfection.

"Her gray eyes were large and of extraordinary lustre, with a length at the further ends that gave a strange intensity to their expression. The nose was so nearly straight that one was in constant doubt as to whether or not its line was really subtly concave. The mouth was a rosy mesh of graceful curves, with the daintiest of dimples for its enhancing. The teeth were pearls, small and even. The cheeks were soft as the snow and touched warmly with red, which flickered a beautiful flame of color with every varying mood." John watered and fed the stock, and did the chores for her when the hired man was away, and it was not his fault that presently the jealousy of Mistress Anna made trouble for them both. A pleasing story and a satisfying one, though the chapter entitled "Trial by Torture," in which Mistress Mary, accused of witchcraft, has needles stuck into her by the judges searching for the "Devil's mark," is calculated to give a nervous reader the creeps.

Other Books.

Two Powers have dared to snub the London *Times* lately: the Czar of all the Russians has ejected the *Times* correspondent from his dominions and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones turned away the *Times* dramatic critic from his latest play. The latter exclusion excited the louder comment in London. Following upon it comes a little volume on "Dramatic Criticism" by Mr. A. B. Walkley, the critic aforesaid (John Murray, E. P. Dutton & Co.), three lectures delivered before the Royal Institution last February. We can see no excuse for the publication; Mr. Walkley's Philistine opinions seldom rise above platitudes and we are not helped out by the pretentious array of quotations from all sorts of writers, generally on matters which have little to do with the subject under discussion.

An admirable bit of biographical work has been done by Prof. Francis Hovey Stoddard of the University of the City of New York in "The Life and Letters of Charles Butler" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Mr. Butler was a well-known lawyer of this city, who lived to the remarkable age of nearly 96 years. He was a founder of the Union Theological Seminary and of the Union League Club and closely associated with the University of the City of New York from its first years. In the course of his long life and through his profession he came into contact with many persons of distinction and saw many interesting changes in the life and manners of the country. Prof. Stoddard has described all these, using Mr. Butler's letters with great discretion. He gives us the portrait of a distinguished American without turning his book into a mere eulogy.

Fulsome and indiscriminate praise mars Miss Susan Hayes Ward's "George H. Hepworth, Preacher, Journalist, Friend of the People" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The Rev. Mr. Hepworth played a notable part in the Unitarian community and in the life of New York city for many years. He has left many friends who must wish that more restraint had been used in the account of his boyhood, and, perhaps, would have preferred some expression of the views of the other side in the story of his breaking away from the Unitarian Church. Miss Ward tells the story of his life in detail and not uninterestingly; we wish she could have avoided the tone of ordinary memoirs of ministers, for Hepworth was surely enough of a man to have deserved a man's estimate of his life.

"Out of Kishineff," by the Rev. W. C. Stiles (G. W. Dillingham Co.), is clearly written for the purpose of the moment. The author tries to stir up feeling against Russia by adding to the deplorable story of the recent massacre an account of the maltreatment of the Jews of Europe in the past, a catalogue of Russia's shortcomings in various directions, and the presentation of her intentions in the Far East. It is a violent plea for action in a matter that requires cool-headed statesmanship and is in so far mischievous.

An interesting reprint in the Commonwealth Library, published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, is Philip Henry Gosse's "Romance of Natural History," a delightful book that was read widely half a century ago.

A detective story calls for constructive skill and ingenuity as well as a basis of crime. These are conspicuously absent in Mr. Will M. Clemens's "The Gilded Lady" (G. W. Dillingham Company). The author may have intended to satirize the dulness and thickheadedness of detectives in real life as contrasted with those of fiction. If he did he has been successful, even if his book may seem to be a libel on the Secret Service. The tiresome person who is the narrator tells elaborately all manner of unimportant details while the real work is all done behind the scenes. There is nothing in Mr. Clemens's style to compensate for the tediousness of his tale, though the page-long irrelevant descriptions of buildings and places, some verging on advertisement, show, perhaps, the influence of Prof. Brander Matthews.

We are glad to find that an old friend, Prof. Emile Coulon, is still alive and still pumping at the Pierian spring in his native French. He seems to have returned from Toronto now, if we may judge from the title of the pamphlet of verse he sends us, "American and Torontonian Pen Pictures, New York-Manhattan."

Books Received.

"Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists." E. Belfort Bax. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; Macmillans.)

"Antisemitism; Its History and Causes." Bernard Lazare. (The International Library Publishing Company.)

"An Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy." Arthur Stone Dewing. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"The Story of Jesus Christ." Ambrose Adams. (Marlier & Co., Boston.)

"Self-Regeneration." Maude Cole Keator. (Published by the author, New York.)

"Bank Rate and the Money Market in England, France, Germany, Holland and Belgium, 1844—1900." R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F. R. S. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Elizabeth Schuyler." Mary Elizabeth Springer. (Isaac H. Blanchard Company.)

SHIP SCHOOL NOT IN TROUBLE.

Statement From the General Manager of the Young America.

The seizure of the ship Young America on an attachment proceeding instituted by William E. Winant at Perth Amboy on June 29, has moved the Nautical Preparatory School, which was building the boat, to issue a statement explaining the seizure and showing that the school is in no financial difficulties. The statement issued by General Manager G. H. Eiswald says that Winant was engaged to design the model and elaborate the plans of the ship, and that he was discharged on April 30 of this year for specific reasons.

The total amount due on Winant's contract, according to Mr. Eiswald, was $4,040, and he was paid $2,800, a trifle more than was due him at the time of his discharge. He is now suing for what would have been due if he had held his job and for injured feelings, asking for $4,000 in all.

The school, the statement says, has absolutely no liabilities and has paid $75,000, all that is due to the builders until Aug. 15. Its enrollment list shows that a full class will be in attendance when the ship sails.

Morrisania Yacht Club to Have a New Home.

Plans have been filed with the Bronx Building Bureau for a new two-story and attic clubhouse, 40 feet front and 30 feet deep, to be built for the Morrisania Yacht Club, of which George C. Steis is commodore, on South Brother Island. Col. Jacob Ruppert is the owner of the property. The clubhouse is to cost $3,000.

STABBED AT PEACE TALK.

Siatto Invited Cammella for a Walk and Tried to Kill Him.

Antonio Cammella, 23 years old, of 728 Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, is in a critical condition in the Bradford Street Hospital from injuries inflicted by Antonio Siatto of 603 Liberty avenue on Thursday night. The two men are Sicilians and have not been on good terms. On Thursday night Siatto met Cammella and asked him to take a walk, as he was desirous of patching up their differences. When the couple were outside the old city line and near Woodhaven, Siatto stabbed Cammella in the face and neck with a stiletto and ran away. Cammella succeeded in reaching a drug-store, where he fainted.

At the hospital it is said that Cammella cannot recover.